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RAVENNA, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1857.

poetical.

They have Passed Away. Vhere-where is the light of our earlier years Which once on our pathway its bright lustre shed? It was quenched in sorrow, in grief and in tears, That light and that lustre together have fied.

Where now are those lips on which troubling

The lones of affection so sweet to the ear; To which our remembrance so fondly has clung That the speakers themselves seem yet lingering

Ah! far from us now are those beautiful ones, They were visions loo bright for us longer to spray They have gone with their sweet and their musical

Some of these beings were gay, but false bearted They flow not the ties which time cannot sever; The joys of their earlier days have departed.

Their promised affection has vanished forever. The arefar distant across the deep ocean, 'we often to us will their fondest thoughts roam, and oft will they turn with heart kindling emelion To the scenes and the joys of their own trensure

home. Far fie from us now have those valued ones fled ers on sand, washed out by the sprays, They are now with the altered, the absent, the DEAD THEY HAVE PASSED AWAY-THEY HAVE PASSED AWAY! Where are the hopes that we once faulty chorie

Were rapturous feelings, that knew no alloy: Those hopes have all withered, those feelings has They were but the transient, bright dreamings of joy,

Such thoughts could not lie amid sorrow and glo They sported a while round our desolate path; But soon to repose in obliviou's temb Where grief opened on us its vials of wrath. Vet old there's a soluce for those who mourn, Da seeing the hearts purest feelings docay; shall soon sink into death's dreamless sle WE SHALL PASS AWAY-WE SHALL PASS AWAY!

Live them Down.

Brother, art thou poor and low'y, Toiling, drudging day by day, Tourneying patafully and slowly On thy dark and desert way? Pance not, though the proud ones frown,

Though to vice thou shalt not pamiler, Yet thou shall escape Lot slander, Gibe and He thy soul must feel; Jest of witting- curse of clown-

Miscellancous.

Respect Old Age.

winters! See you not the sunken eye, the not express half her good qualities. That voice has lost its music, save the soft, United States through and you would not undertone of affection.

times confounds dates and incidents, or, few friends to spend the evening with us .ry is latoring over. Think over what a comething to do with increasing my disconcheckered web of events, thought takes her tent. beaten track down into the depths of years. Oh the joys and sorrows, the hopes and dishe rouses from their dreamy beds, as he fights life's "battles o'er again."

And scenes long that of Joy and pain, Came wandering o'er his aged brain-

the untried future, his feet would fain turn backward into the paths of the past. One moment he longs for rest, the next comes back the mocking memory of departed joys. The thorns have dropped silently away attid the leaves of roses he gathered in childhood and youth, their beauty and frogrance alone remain.

Oh, you in whose bounding veins young life yet lingers; and you in the full beauty and vigor of manhood, respect the aged!-Speak gently, hush that rude laugh, check that idle jest, listen to the wisdom which is the voice of experience. Cheer him with your strong arm; and lead him as he decends the western hill of life, the shadows descepding into night, the hairs upon his temple already dritting in the cool breeze that comes up from the valley of death.

Honor the aged, that he may leave you his blessing on the threshold of the unknown land. Honor him, and God will raise up for you friends to remove thorns from the last one hot, scorching day, to pour water on leagues of your own life-journey; for the take of the weary one of the long ago, who hever wept for your ingratitude, whose bowed form never struggled with a weight of care or grief which you might have carried, dy." while yell walked careleasly along, intent upon your own case and pleasure.

Honor the sged for His sake, for he was

old before the world-whose life is from ey. get up directly. Give me the Sun paper." cilasting to everlasting.

a voulme of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single utterance-no mother! Deal I had quite forgotten that it was New Year's gently with the child. Let not the cup of her sorrow be overflowed by the harshness of your bearing, or unsympathizing coldness. Is she careless in her movements? Remerber, ob, remember, "she has no mother?"

logistic reasoning that we remember to have seen walfor is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a shore. But he must be either shoard or a shore; therefore he is not a Sailor."

The Secret of Happiness.

AN INSTRUCTIVE STORY.

"Oh, how I wish we were rich!" said I to my wife one day. "My dear," she replied, "you must not be discontented, we have every comfort-what

more can we desire?" "Oh, there are a hundred things-a large house, a carriage, a fine library, and I know not what,"

"It is a win to fly in the face of God's proplenty large enough for our small family; as for a carriage we should have no use for it -and then we subscribe to the Mercantile Library. You can get any book you want main, there. Believe me, my love we have every reason to be satisfied with our lot, and instead of repining, ought to thank God for it." And the dear little woman came over to me-put her arms around my neck-no. made a mistake, she is too short for that,pulled my face down to here and kissed me

Dear render, I must tell you that my name is Jonathan Clutterwell, and that I have the privilege of writing M. D. after my name, as a diploma from the University Medical College in New York, now hanging in my bed-room, amply testifiee! I was born in Virginia, and of course belong to the F F. V's; I hope you will make no mistake on this point. At the time I commence this history I had been living for upwards of four years in Madison street, in the city of Bultimore. I had scraped together a very fair practice, and as my wife said, we had every comfort; but still I was not satisfied; there was Mr. B. kept his carriage, Professor C. had a large, fine house, with ever so many servants, and Dr. D. had a very large library, while I could get all my books into a moderate sized book case. I wanted to jump to the top of the ladder at once-I did not like this waiting for fortune-it was alto gether too slow, too tedious a process for

of being forever destroyed. My wife, however, exercised a good deal of influence over me-soothing my ruffl d spirits and pouring balm upon the troubled waters: She was a dear, good glil.-There, give him all the path. Tread slow- I don't believe it was possible for there ly and reverently in his presence. Hash that to be another woman like her in the world. rude laughter; check that idie just. See She was the epitome of goodness. She was you not upon his temples the snow of many ___ but why should I go cn? Words cantace the blue veius stand out like cords!-- up the portrait. She also belonged to the Generate the Leauty and the strength of F. F. Vs. We had been brought up tomanhood; and in that faded eye but Bufb gether from childhood, had always loved light is left, save that of love and kindness. each other, and you might search all the

find a happier marriage than ours: Sit down, young friend, and Lear that The conversation opening my story, oc every of the olden time; and if, in looking threed on the 31st day of December, 1856. back into the mists of the past, he some. We were undressed for bed, and had had tells the same off tale the twentieth time, I had been beaten three games of chess, run think of what a vast, vost field his memo ning, and that might, perhaps, have had

Well, as I before said, my wife came over and kissed me; this soothed my feelings a appointments, the anxieties and sufferings little, and without more grambling I jumped into bed.

I dreamed-I scarcely know what I dream ed that night-carriages, libraries, gold and silver, were all mixed up in terrible confu Standing upon the boundary line between sion. At last I thought I was dead, and some one was mailing down my coffin.

"Rat tat tat. Perspiration bursting from every pore o "Rat ini-tet." 1 11717 A 10

A fearful struggle, in which I knocked my wife over the eye with my elbow; fortunatey not hurting her, but causing her to give

me a kick, (of course she knew not what she was doing.) which awakened me. plained the comfortable sensation I had ex-

"Come in," I exclaimed. The door opened, and Bridget made her

appearance. (I should say that Bridget was a recent importation from the Emerald Isle. and our maid of all work.) I assure you we have had hard work to train her. To give an idea how exceedingly verdant she was when she first came to us, we asked her, some ice; she did so, only the water was

"If yees please, sir," said Bridget, "the mate's cooked, and breakfast is nearly rea-

(Bridget is from Cork, and her accent was rather broad.)

"All right, Bridget," I replied, "we will Bridget did as I requested, and I propped first thing I noticed was a young Frenchman, myself up in bed and began to peruse it .-No MOTHER .- She has no mother! What The first thing that struck me, was that it my wife. was Thursday, the first day of January, 1857.

day. I determined I would turn over a new aut air in the world and said: leaf, and endeavor to be more satisfied with my condition for the ensuing year. My eyes Monsieur feels better." then ran down the list of advertised letters | "I do," I growled. I saw one for me, yes, there it was, Jonatrations of the absurdity of mere verbal sylmon name, to say nothing of the prefit, Jonathan. I immediately surmised that the sick all the way over that you did not see letter must be for me. Fact my wits to him, but I assure you he was very polite and

ed the letter simply to "Baltimore."

was correct, that I could no longer restrain so bowed my head in acquiescence.

minute the letter was in my hands. I opened it, and to my aston shment read

as follows: ACCOMACK C. H., Va., Dec 24, 1856. DEAR S:n:-We regret to inform you of the demise of your respected aunt, Miss Marvidence," replied my wife. "Our house is garet Clutterwell. By her will, now in our possession, you are appointed sole helr to property, amounting in real estate and personal property, to \$10,000 per annum.

Hoping to see you immediately, we re

> Yours, very respectfully, "To Jonathan Clutterwell, Esq., M. D

Poor Aunt Margaret was dead, then! pite of the wealth she left me, I really felt sorry; she was such a kind, good old lady: but I recollected, we cannot expect to live forever, and eighty is, after all, a good age. then thought of the wealth she had left, and the new comforts it would bring ushow high we could hold our heads! Then we could get a carriage as handsome as Dr. -- 's, a house as fine as Dr. C--- 's, and

library a large as Dr. D-"s. By the time all these things had passed through my mind, I had reached home.

"Joy. joy, joy!" exclaimed, as I opened he door-my wife was sitting at the breakfast table awaiting my return-"we are rich, we are independent."

"What do you mean, my dear! You mus e going crazy," returned my wife. In reply I threw her the letter. I could

perceive the dear girl's eyes brighten as she end, for after all she was but human. "Oh, how nice" she exclaimed, when she had perused it. "Now Jonathan, dear, what

"Well," I returned, "I suppose in the first me. The result was, I became discontented. place, I must give up fractice."

cross, peevish, I was easily annoyed, and my "Certainly, throw physic to the dogs." renatural good temper stood in great danger turned Jane. (My wife's name is Jane."-"We will then make a tour of the United States," I added.

> "No, no, said Jane, "we will go at once to Paris." "Parist" T replied, "nonsense! I don't want to go and live on Franch kickshaws .-

We'll go to Niagara." "I say no," returned my wife in a loud voice, and at the same time stirring her cofone of our best set, too. "We'll go to Paris."

be Ningara."

"Paris!"

"Ningarat" "I say Paris!"

"I say it shall be Niagara!" my rage, kicked over the breakfast table scattering the coffee, cups, plates and every ly and smiling in his face. thing else on the table in every direction, of

ourse breaking them all. When I saw the disorder I had occasioned, I became ashamed of myself. My poor

ittle wife borst into tears. It was the first quarrel we ever hadt "Never mind, my durling," I excluimed, approaching my wife, and hissing her-"you hall have your way, we will go to Paris."

my embrace, and we were good friends I started the same day for Accomack U H., and in week was in full possession of my property. In three more days we were in New York, on the fourth on the Arago.

and on the fifth out of sight of land. I shall not attempt to describe the miseries of that voyage. The reader can real. charged it. ize it, when I tell him that I was sea sick from the day we started to the day we landmy patients! I begged; prayed, implored somebody to throw me overboard, but the savages only laughed at me. My wife, on the other hand, was not sick at all, but seemed to enjoy herself thoroughly, while I lay rocking in my berth. I could hear her laugh. prison.

ing and joking with the rest of the passenappraided her for it. She retaliated; high words ensued, and another desperate quarrel. It was some time before we made this one up. This quarrel was succeeded by others; in fact they became now of almost daily occurrence, and I plainly saw we were

growing to hate each other.
We landed at Harvre at last. After we had been on shore a few hours. I began to feel better and could look around me. The paying, as I thought, too much attention to

I scrowled at him. He advanced to me with the most pleas-

"Monsieur has been very sick. I hope "Who is the fellow?" I whispered to

passenger from New York; you were so I had no means of telling.

I was so convinced that my supposition so unmannerly as to repulse polite attention,

my impatience, but jumped up, hurried on We were soon on our road to Paris. I sat my clothes, told Bridget to delay the break- coiled up in one corner of the railroad car- the shoulder to awaken we. fast, threw myself into a Howard-street stage riage, while my wife and Mr. Letoux conand in about a quarter of an hour found my- versed in French, Now I knew but little self at the Post-office window. In another French, while my wife spoke it like w dream, When I understood it, I could have native. I could, however, distinguish the hugged Bridget, I was so pleased. words "Mon cher Monsieur" and "Ma chere much like it, but held my peace.

der the Frenchman's advice, took spart-

ments in the Hotel Meurice. Then followed a long, weary month sight-seeing. Oh, how tiresome it was!-We visited the Louvre, Pantheon, Catacombs, Versnilles, St. Cloud-and a hundred other places I don't remember. We returned home every day tired to death. How I became more distant to me every day; it being regarded. The parties to this tran-was evident she took no pleasure in my so-saction we shall designate as Ben and ciety; not a cay passed but we had a violent Tom. quarrel, and not an hour passed that I did It is proper, for a better understanding of

not curse our recently acquired fortune.

did not mind it much, for in spite of all the withal, a great way. difference between me and my wife, I had still faith in her honor. I did not believe three dollar counterfeit bill and not relishshe was vulnerable on that point.

not let me anticipate.

I became perfectly disgusted with the whole following conversation ensued: affair, and would spend my whole day in "I say, Tom, here's a pretty good coun Galigani's reading room, while Letoux gal- terfeit three; if you'll pass it, I'll divide." lanted my wife about. This became so reg- "Let's see the plaster,' said Tom; and ular that my wife never saw me till late at after examining it carefully, put it in his night, and never expected me during the vest pocket, remarking, "It's an equal di-daytime. It was a relief to both of us to vision—a dollar and a half spiece?" see each other as little as possible, for now "Yes," soid Ben. there was no sympathy between us; our thoughts, ideas, and wishes were entirely of opposite. How different from our modest . A few minutes a terwards, he quiet? home in Bultimore! There we had agreed stepped thto the office of his friend Ben, purin everything, and our whole life had been chased a can of ovsters for one dollar and a

One day I went to the reading room as ions were immediately calmed by Tom, who violent head ache. I determined to go to be had received that bill of Ben himself for work. The day is now upon the wane, but I've lived on the critter for fifteen years;

cup over, and broke it all to pieces. It was usual custom, I returned home in the middle dollar and a half of change, and with this de-"Paris-be bothered," I r eplied; "it shall on the same landing with the sleeping aparte ed him if he had presed the bill.

and peeped over the green blind. Oh Gadt a half to Ben.

what did I see!-could I believe my eyes? Yes, there was Monsieur Letoux, kneel-I grew very angry, and with my last words, ing at my wife's feet kissing her hand-and old counterfeit three in the drawer. Turnoh! horror of horrors! she was gazing loving- ing to his locum tenens, he asked:

My brain was on fire, and my heart beat tumultuously. Her indifference I could "Why, Tom gave it to me, and I suspect me when traveling. With one bound I was it."

in the room, confronting the guilty pair. discharged my histol at Letoux. The ball ed, "sold," and charged the can of oysters them into houses and tenements scattered 25, 1846. entered his heart-he reeled, grand at me to profit and less account. Jane smiled through her tears, returned with a vacant stare, and fell dead at my feet. "Now, madam, it is your turn!" I exclaimed; facing my wife; "you must rejoin your

vile paramour." "Oh, mercy; Johnathan, mercy!" she exclaimed clasping her hands together.

"What! show mercy to a vile woman like

vou!-never!"

I placed my revolver to her heart and dis-She died without a groan

My work was now finished, and I gazed knocked at the bed room door, which ex. ed! Oh, how I carsed the sea, Paris, and stupidly around me. My feelings underwent our recent fortune! How heartily I wished a revulsion. There lay Jane, my Jane, my cycs. perienced of being nailed down in my coffin. I was back in good old Baltimore attending own dear wife, weltering in her blood, and [The greatest river in the world is the threw myself upon her prostrate body and in length. Its name is derived from an Inlost all consciousness.

Three months of dreary captivity followed. gers. The sound was hateful to me, and I How shall I describe all the anguish of mind. The largest lake in the world is Lake Suendured! My heart was broken!

One morning I was informed that my

a long investigation, a verdict of guilty of The greatest mass of solid iron in the willful murder was returned against me. I was condemded to be guillotined in a is three hundred feet high, and two miles in

The fatal day at length dawned. The execution was to be in the Place du Trone. Central Railroad of Illinois, which is seven soon reached the fatal spot. There before teen millions of dollars. me stood the hideous black guillotine, and I The greatest number of miles of railroad.

between them, and I ascended the steps .- Ifa area.

then kneeled down fervently. I rose up and Bedford. ZeaT contract prepared to suffer the extreme pountly of the The greatest grain port in the world it There was no help for it. I could not be my care: I make the my care: I make the my care: I my care

"Now haster, will ye get up, an' sure the coffee's cowld and the mate's done to rage." And there was Bridget, shaking me by

I saw it all in a moment. I had fallen asleep over the paper, and it was all a

I looked around and there was my little Madame," very often repeated. I did not wife in a calm placid sleep by my side .--We arrived in due time at Paris, and, un- what is still better, no murderer.

Baltimore, Jan. 1st, 1857.

We lately heard of a practical joke per petrated, which in the dullness of times, if wished myself home again! And my wife not for its intrinsic excellence, is worthy of

the joke, to intimate that the former specu-I ceased at last to go off at all with my lates to a modest degree in bivalves-and wife, but my place was very well filed by right good bivalves they are too-and it is Monsieur Letoux, who took her everywhere. not necessary to say what the latter does, This eternal Frenchman was always with farther than that he is fast as the locomotive us he paid assiduous court to Jane, but I and pet train which he sweares by, and is

The story runs that Ben had taken ing such dead capital, he conceived the idea Alas, I was grievously deceived-but do of giving it to Tom, who was a rollicking fellow, and could make it goif anybody could As I have before stated, things went on Accordingly he approached the contempla-In this manner for more than a month, until ted dispensing medium one day, when the

"All right," said Tom, and he sauntered

one of unalloyed happiness and love. Oh fa half, and layed down the three dollar bill in tal, fatal for unc! Why was I cursed with payment for them. The clerk looked at the possession of \$10,000 a year. the bill rather doubtingly, when his shape-

"Oh, yes," said Tom, "here's your share."

account, he was serprised to find the same

"Where did you get this cursed bill?-Did'nt you know it was counterfeit!"

bear, but dishonor never! I rushed into my ed it was fishy, but he said he had just re-room seized a revolver I always carried with ceived it from you, and I therefore took lessly at their sides, the celebration of a day's 1843.

The whole thing had penetrated the wool

Our Country.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the waters accumulate from the great upper takes, forming t river three quarters of a mile in width, are auddenly contracted and plunging over the rocks in two columns, to the depth of one

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where one can make a voyage on the waters of the subterranean river and catch fish without

Mississippi, four thousand one hundred miles dian word meaning "the father of waters," When I came to myself, I was in the The largest valley in the world is the

of the most prolific regions on the globe.

I was tried, I made no defence, and after at the bottom of which a creek flows.

The longest railroad in the world is the

The largest number of whale slips in the

the Little Tin Pails.

At about six o'clock in the afternoon, a passenger cannot walk through the culetest in f883, Old Peyton Roberts, who intende street in the city without meeting men, each making an early start to his work, get up with a little tin pail in his hand. As the in the midst of the display. On going to his bearer swings it at his side, and rope it door, he saw with amazement, the sky lightagainst his large buttons, one can readily ed up with the falling meteors, and he conbeen? What has he been doing! What is and that the day of judgment had ec There had been no letter, no fortune, and the pail fort. One may not be able to see He stood for a moment gazing in spe what is still better, no murderer.

There had been no letter, no fortune, and the pail fort. One may not be able to see He stood for a moment gazing in spe what is still better, no murderer.

anything in the pail, but after all, it has a less terror at the scene, and then will Oh, how happy I was. It gave me a good pleasant story in it. Early in the morning yell of horror sprang out of the door lesson, and that is, the secret of happiness is that pail is filled. Before the breakfast the yard, right into the midst of the falling things are washed and put away, it is placed upon the table by a good and industrious women, who rose before the sun, to prepare the morning heaf and bathe and dress the cer. His wife being awakened in the mean children. Her fingers and feet have been time, and seeing old Peyton jumping and busy all the morning, and now she stops all skipping about the yard called out to him to other work to see the laboring husband off know what in the name o' sense he was do to his work, and prepare his moon meal for in' out that dancin' round without his

> haps some dainty bit which she has saved 'or to settle made him heedless of all terrestrial the man she loves, are placed in the little tin pail, one after another, until it is full, and the lid placed snugly on. He, the laborer, stands by and looks on. When all is finished, he gives a kiss to the youngestsays a pleasant good morning to his wife, takes his pall in hand, and away he goes.

> From that time he disappears for the day No one asks where he goes, and few know He swings the hammer, or pushes the plane or practices some other handicraft, in deers or out. He toils all day for bread and clothing for himself and family. His arms are etrong, his heart is courageous, and his mind content. The rich roll by in their carriages, but he cares not. Gay idlers attract his eyes for a moment, but he despises them. When noon time comes, and the long whistles sound at the shops, he drops his work. and opens his little tin pail. The meat is caten with true zest, and the bread tastes as admit, and drinked it too." "You took it sweetly as manne, for he has the health which labor brings. At last, he reaches the bottom, and his eyes moisten as he sees "You drink all you can get!" "Try me and there a piece of fruit or some little delicacy, see, Judge; I reckon I'm experienced is which the kind wife smuggled in unknown that line of trade." "I think from your apto him-something which had cost her selfdenial. Isn't that a sweet meal? With his

usual, Lut while there I was taken with a told him there was no use in looking, for strong hands and courageous hearts are at whisky out of you." "Can't stand it, Judget ed.

ten minutes since. Q' course the clerk with he grows little weary, for there is a warm it's been my meat and drink, and you'd bet.

Acting upon this idea, contrary to my this assurance, immediately forked over the place in his heart that feeds the fire on which of the day. I was just about entering my posit and the can of oysters, Tom left. the clock, hour after hour, during pauses in will do you good to get sober." "Wall. If bed room when I heard a voice in the parlor | Shortly atterwards he met Ben, who ask. his labor, and down falls the tardy index, un- 1 must, I must; but I'll tell you what the til, at last, the stroke of six runs cut, and Judge, I dreads it like a dog .- N. Y. Post. the whistle of release of the day gives its I cautiously approached the glass door, at the same time passing over the dollar and welcome blast. Before him are twelve or Great Britain's Royal Children. fourteen blest hours of rest! the rough hands That night, when Ben made up his cash are washed, the shirt sleeves rolled down and buttoned the coat put on, the little tin pail taken from its hiding place, and he is in the street again. Now we meet him. Now the streets are full of little tin pails. They are carried by men who have self respect, who live many lives, who earn, and "owe labor achieved of hard money hardly won. "Villian, you must die!" I exclaimed, and of Ben, and with a peculiar grin he mutter. tin pails, and beg the privilege of carrying

A thousand children fun to meet the little 6, 1844. all over the city. In many hundreds of these the table is already set out, and at the fire sits the neatly dressed wife; and the hissing teapot a walting the husband's return. Behold the family group gathering around the evening board! Before those healthy appetites how quickly the viands disappear!and then the good wife washes the tra things where they stand, and the little tin pail is cleanly wiped out and polished off for the next day's service. I hus, and thus again, the days go round, with sound sweet sleep between.

"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing— Onward through life he goes; Each morning sees some tank begun, Every evening sees insclose; Something at empted, something done, Has careed and hit's repose."

God bless the laborer! God bless his companion, the little tin pail. May it evermore trial was to take place that day. I heard is that over Cedar creek, in Virginia. It growing. Oh, let us feel kindly towards the piece of paper, I was compelled to fore

wave and mill wheels turn, there labor is the non-performance! - Cobbett. could see the knife glitter in the morning in proportion to the surface, of any country the conquerer and the king. The newspasun. The approach to the scaffold was sur- in the world, is in Massachusetts, which has per wherever it spreads its wings, bears with rounded by soldiers. A passage was formed over one mile to every ten square miles of it the impress of tolling hands. Should not a christening. After the ceresal the laborer be well fed! Should not be be while the minister was making out An immense concourse of people filled the The greatest number of clocks manufact well housed! Should fie not have the best square, and when they saw me, a fearful cry tured in the world, is turned out by the small wife prettiest children in the world! Should not the man who produces all that we have to eat and drink and wear be honored! To I glarced around me for a moment, and world are sent out by Nantucket and New us, there is more true poetry, about the lab. the day of the month. orer's life and lot then any other man's unhe is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a board is a sailor when he is a sail when he is a sailor when he

On the morning of the meteoric showers

him. The bread and meat, the large piece clothes. But Peyton heard not the fulleof ple, the gingerbread, the pickles, and per- ment and long back account he would have things, and his wife by this time becoming alarmed at his behaviour, sprang out of bed and running to the door, shricked out at

the top of her lungs-"Peyton, I say Peyton, what do you mean. jumpin' about out thur! Come in and put on your trowsers."

Old Peyton, whose fears had nearly overpowered him, faintly answered as he fell

sprawling on the earth-"Trowsers, Peggy! what the hell's the use o' troweers when the world's a fire?"

"Drends it like a Dog."

In the Court of Special Session this morning, one Smith was arraigned for stealing a demijohn containing three gallons of whiskey. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk. "Wal, you may call it what you likes; I tuk the whinkey, that I without leave, did you not?" "I never wait to be asked when that article's round."pearance that no one will doubt your word on that point." "I can prove a character, appetite, and with the sweet associations if any body doubts it." "Nobody doubts which embalm it, it is a feast for the gods. that, and it will be necessary to send you to The whirtle sounds again, and again the the penitentiary three months to get the

The Providence Journal publishes the names and ages of the children of Queen

1. . Victoria Adelalde Mary Louise, Prin cess Royal, born November 1, 1840.

2. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales,

born November 9, 1841. 3. Alice Maud Mary, born April 25.

4. Alfred Earnest Albert, born Augus 5. Helena Augusta Victoria, born May

6. Louisa Carolina Alberta, born March 18, 1848. 7. Arthur William Patrick Albert, born

May 1, 1850. 8. Leopold George Duncan Albert, berr April 7, 1853. 9. A Princess, borb April 14, 1857.

Her Majesty, Queen Alexandrina Victorit, is nearly thirty eight years of age, having been born on the 24th day of May, 1819. She was married February 10, 1840, to Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha, who was

born August 26, 1819. The Will and the Way.

I learned grammar when I was a soldi on pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my be as full of love and all love's sweet asso | berth, or that of my guard bed, was my sea hands of the gens d'armes and on my road to valley of the Mississippi. It contains five ciations as it is filled each morn with food to study on; my knapsack my book case, and hundred thousand square miles, and is one and may the food never fail! Few under- a bit of board, lying on my lap, was my stand how fully the little tin pail is the index writing table. I had no money to purchase to the prosperity of a community. The a candle or oil; in winter, it was rarely that perior, four handred and thirty miles long, more thickly we meet them in the streets, I could get any light but that of the fire, an The greatest natural bridge in the world the more prosperous do we know that we are only my turn of that. To buy a pen or the news with utler indifference, for I cared extends, across a chasm of eighty feet in little tin pails, and deal kindly towards those some portion of my food, though in a state net what became of me. width and two hundred and fifty feet deep, who bear them; for labor is the truly honor. able thing among men. There is not a time that I could call my own; and I had to neatly graded lawn, a pretty garden, or a read and write amid the talking, laughing, world is the iron mountain of Missouri. It well trained tree that does not tell of it. singing, whistling, and brawling of at least It builds magnificent cities, and builds half a score of the most thoughtless of men navies, and bridges rivers, and lays the -and that too, in their hours of freedom railroad track, and forms every part of the from control. And I say, if L, under these locomotive. Wherever a steamer ploughs circumstances, could encounter and over-We left the prison at an early hour, and hundred and thirty one miles long-cost, fif- the waves, or the long canal bears the nation's inland weelth; wherever wheat fields world, a youth who can find an excuse for

07 At a church in Southwerk there was tificate, he happened to say, "Let me see this is the 30th?" "Thirtieth?" exclaim the indignant mother, "indeed, it is only the tairteenth!" The minister was alluding

07"I see in the papers," said Mrs.